

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

No. II.—CORIOLANUS.

ACT II., SCENE I.—CORIOLANUS'S Committee Room on the eve of the Consular Elections. CORIOLANUS has been duly chosen for the Consulship by the Senate, and it only remains to have that choice confirmed by the People. The candidate himself and a number of his principal Conservative supporters are discovered in consultation. Among the latter are MENENIUS and COMINIUS.

Menenius (persuasively). My dear fellow, I assure you it's always done.

Coriolanus. What! go down to the Forum and beg votes of frouzy plobeians? Couldn't do it, by Jove!

Cominius (yawning). It's only a matter of form.

Cor. Deuced bad form, I call it. High time it was given up.

Men. (testily). Very likely. But this is hardly a favourable moment for making the innovation.

Cor. Yes, but dash it, man. I can't! I'm not accustomed—haw—to beg. I am accustomed to command.

Com. (aside). Ass! (turns away impatiently.)

Cor. (brightening). I tell you what I'll do. I'll make 'em a speech, if you like.

Men. (seriously alarmed). Not for the world, my dear fellow. Generals should never make speeches.

Cor. (huffed). What do you want me to do then?

Men. Only to be civil to them. Say you'll redress their grievances. They always have grievances, confound them!

Cor. (grumbling). Well, you'll have to coach me, that's all. I don't know what the beggars want.

Com. (to MENENIUS). There's the Money-lenders' Bill. He might try them on that?

Men. Yes. That will do. Tell them if they elect you they won't have to pay their debts. They'll like that. Then there's the Corn Laws. Tell them about the inalienable right of every citizen to be fed at someone else's expense. And the Franchise,—say you believe in One Man One Vote and One Vote One Value.

Cor. (scratching his head). And what may that mean?

Com. (impatiently). Why, that every man can sell his vote for five shillings, of course.

Cor. (to whom this sounds an eminently reasonable measure of reform). Is that all? I don't mind promising my support to that.

Men. Then there's Taxation of Ground Values and Equal Electoral Areas and Agricultural Holdings. (Cheerfully.) You'll do all right.

Cor. (doubtfully). But I don't know anything about all this. It's Greek to me. I wish you'd let me make 'em a rousing speech about the war.

Men. (hastily). No, no! For Heaven's sake! No more speeches, my dear fellow.

Cor. (obstinately). I believe you're wrong. Just you let me tell 'em how I took Corioli! (With immense gusto.) It was this way. There was the town bang

to hear about "our valiant soldiery." If you tell them they ran like hares you won't get a single vote.

Cor. (with some heat). It's true, Sir, true, every word of it.

Com. (drily). That's no reason for telling it to them. Truth is out of place at an election.

Cor. (sulkily). If you want someone who will truckle to the fellows, you'd better go elsewhere, dash me!

Men. (soothing him). COMINIUS only means that in describing our soldiers you should make the best of things and gloss over any little defects. The people will like it better.

Cor. (wavering). Yes, but—'pon my soul, I don't half like the business. I'm a plain soldier—haw. Hang all politics.

Men. By all means. And politicians—when you're Consul. Come, you'll conciliate them, to oblige me?

Cor. (ungraciously). Very well. But it's a dashed undignified position for a soldier to occupy, let me tell you. The regiment won't half like it. You'd better come with me to prompt me if I get stuck.

[Swaggers out tugging at his whiskers.]

Com. (with a sigh of relief). That's done, thank goodness.

Men. Yes. Let's hope he'll keep a civil tongue in his head. You can't ride roughshod over the electorate nowadays.

Com. Worse luck!

Men. If he tries to bully them, it's all up with him.

Com. Couldn't you have got a more tractable candidate?

Men. No use. The only chance for the Party was to put up a popular general.

Com. That's true. It's a pity he's such a dolt. A man with his reputation might establish the power of the Senate, and put those rascally tribunes in their places—if he could only keep his mouth shut!

Men. H! (Rising.) Well, I must go after him and try and prevent his making a fool of himself. [Exit after CORIOLANUS.]

SCENE II.—The Forum. A few representatives of the Sovereign People lounging in the streets. Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS, the two Radical Tribunes. The former has the remains of a blackeye. The latter looks as fat and well-liking as ever.

Brutus (glancing at the people). A thin house!

Sicinius. Yes. The war fever is over. A fortnight ago they would have assembled in thousands if there was a chance of seeing CORIOLANUS.



"CORIOLANUS."

(Sir Roderick Bell-r as he appeared in this Shakspearian character.)

in front of us. We'd brought up our siege train during the night. The battering rams, under CRASSUS of the 56th, were on the right. CATO, of our's, with the Sappers and four catapults, was on the left. The bugles sounded the charge. My men advanced at the double. The enemy poured in a murderous fire of javelins. My men wavered, then broke and ran. Bolted, by Jove! I drew my sword and galloped to the front. "Come on, you dashed white-livered cowards!" I cried. That rallied 'em! They turned. We rushed the North Gate, and in half an hour Corioli was ours, Sir!

[Wipes his brow after the exertions of description.]

Men. But, my dear fellow, you mustn't talk to them like that. The people want

*Bru.* It has been a short boom.

*Sic.* Fortunately for us. Here he comes.

[Enter CORIOLANUS B., looking half fierce, half sheepish. As he appears a faint cheer goes up from the crowd.]

*Cor.* (to himself). What the deuce am I to say to the beggars? Why doesn't MENENIUS come? He ought to be at my elbow to prompt me. How on earth am I to begin. (Clears his throat.) Um—haw—Citizens . . .

*Crowd.* Hear! hear!

*Cor.* (to himself). I wish MENENIUS would hurry up. (Aloud.) Citizens, I have come to—er—solicit your voices for the Consulship, haw!

*A Small Boy.* Brayvo!

*Cor.* My credentials—haw—are pretty good, I fancy. At the storming of Corioli—(to himself)—dash it! they said I wasn't to talk about that. (Aloud.) Citizens, as I have said, I come to offer myself for the Consulship.

*Small B.* (encouragingly). Say it again, Governor.

*Cor.* (glaring in his direction). And, as I was about to remark—er—when that excessively ill-mannered young person interrupted me, at the taking of Corioli—

*Small B.* Haw!

[The crowd giggles furtively. Someone makes a dart at Small Boy, who vanishes.]

*First Cit.* Look here, Governor. Never mind about the taking of Corioli. What we want to know is, what are you going to do for us?

*Cor.* (losing the thread of his remarks at this unlooked for heckling). I don't—haw—understand you.

*First Cit.* Are you in favour of extending the Franchise, for instance?

*Cor.* (forgetting his cue). Certainly not, Sir! There are too many idle rascals with votes already!

*First Cit.* Then you don't have my voice!

*Cor.* (amazed). Do you mean to tell me—haw—my man, that you refuse to support a man who has fought and bled for his country—bled profusely, by Jove!—because of some beggarly fad about the Franchise?

[Murmurs in the crowd which has gradually increased in numbers.]

*Second Cit.* Come, General, no offensive expressions.

*Cor.* (losing his temper). Offensive expressions! Death and Furies, Sir! do you know who I am? If you were in one of my regiments, by Jove, I'd teach you to talk to me about offensive expressions!

[The murmurs of the crowd grow louder. Some booing is heard.]

*Sic.* (to BRUTUS). It's all over with him.

[BRUTUS nods.]

[Enter MENENIUS. He takes in the situation at a glance and hurries to CORIOLANUS'S side.]

*Men.* (aside to *Cor.*). Gently, gently. Keep your temper or you're lost.

*Cor.* (losing all self-control). Keep my temper! Dash me if I ever heard such a request! An unwashed dog of a plebeian stands up and bandies words with me in the open Forum, and I'm to keep my temper! (The sound of booing grows louder. CORIOLANUS raises his voice in fury.) Let me tell you, you blackguards, if I'd half a cohort of my legionaries here, I'd cut the throat of every mother's son of you and rid the world of a lot of pestilent loafers. As for your Consulship, if you want someone who'll cringe to you for it, you'd better go elsewhere. (Advancing on the crowd which actually retreats before his fury.) Out of my way, you rabble, and make a Consul out of the first rascal who takes your fancy!

[Exit through the crowd, which makes way for him, followed by MENENIUS trying to soothe him. The mob gaze after them in blank astonishment, forgetting even to hoot.]

*Sic.* That settles CORIOLANUS.

*Bru.* Yes. I'm almost sorry. That last outburst was magnificent.

*Sic.* (grimly). Yes. But it wasn't politics.

(Curtain.) ST. J. H.

#### "TO MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—According to a morning paper, after the discovery of a recent plot against the SHAH, one of the prominent personages implicated in the conspiracy was punished by being paraded stark-naked through the streets of Teheran.

An excellent idea! Surely there is much to be said for its application to English political and other misdemeanours. The Secretary for War, for example—for weeks the Radical Press have been demanding his head on a charger, naturally in vain. Mr. BRODRICK's head remains where it has always been, on his own shoulders.

But if the *Daily News* had demanded that Mr. BRODRICK should be escorted down Piccadilly by the police, clad only in his shirt, their demand would have been at once more picturesque and more reasonable.

This policy has already been tried on a small scale in this country with conspicuous success. Was not Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN on one occasion, when imprisoned for his devotion to Erin, deprived of his trousers? And what is good for an Irish patriot is surely good enough for a brutal Saxon!

Let us take example from Persia without delay. Let all generals who in future make indiscreet speeches be exhibited to the people, in Trafalgar Square, clothed mainly in their socks. Let Cabinet

Ministers whose policy does not meet with the approval of the popular press attend at the Palace of Westminster in a bathing costume. And let undistinguished members of the Opposition who are in the habit of addressing public meetings in the Boer interest be compelled to make those speeches in pyjamas.

In this manner military discipline will be maintained, political efficiency secured, and treasonable utterances discounted.—Yours, dear Mr. P.,

TOM NODDY.

#### WHERE'S AIR?

LET faddists declare

The delights of fresh air,

Their throats to the knife of the East let them bare,  
And revel at will  
In the draughts that blow shrill  
With a swirl and a rush through the roots of their hair.

But I, if you please,

Beg to differ from these,

When the fogs of November teach mortals to wheeze,  
And a thousand aches seize  
On one's elbows and knees,  
And one's marrow doth freeze,  
And life's one long wheeze,  
And with horror one sees  
Emerge by degrees,  
Thick as bees  
In lime-trees,  
Or as mites in a cheese,  
The palpable symptoms of every disease,  
That was ever invented by learned M.D.'s.

Then my windows I close

Ere I seek my repose,

And I use every means ingenuity knows  
To shut out the fog  
That would poison a dog—  
'Tis a death one would spare to one's bitterest foes.

Yes, though we are told

That fresh air is as gold,

Worth more than the costliest gems that are sold,

Though its praise be extolled,

Though the faddists may scold

At my notions of old,

I will not be cajoled,

But be bold

To uphold

That a man with a cold

Had better by far in his blankets be rolled  
Than breathing the microbes that lurk in each fold

Of a "London particular," yellow as gold.

#### SHORT TALE OF A TIGER.

"I must put in my 'operative claws,'" As the tiger said to the Solicitor;  
"Agree with you I don't!" cried the student of laws;

"But you will!" growled the tiger. End of visitor. *Jingle Jungle Rhymes.*



Bernard Partridge.

**CORONA FINIT OPUS.**

*Mary Anne.* "WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO START THIS ARMY REFORM THEY TALK SUCH A LOT ABOUT!"  
*Private Atkins.* "WHY BLESS YOUR 'EART, IT'S ALL DONE! LOOK AT OUR NEW CAPS!"

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## NEGOTIATE.

WHEN some foreign city far away  
Is much in default and will not pay  
Its interest up to date;  
With coupons terribly overdue,  
What is the thing you decide to do?  
You say, "I'll put on a bit of screw."  
They answer:—"Negotiate."  
That is the thing they are bound to say,  
In far Cordoba or Santa Fé—  
"Now, just in a quiet, friendly way,  
Pray let us negotiate."

But years go by, and it's still the same,  
They play an extremely artful game  
At bluffing your delegate.  
At last with life you are almost through,  
And thinking of probate nearly due,  
Well, what is the course you then pursue?  
You have to negotiate.  
And when you're dead, to your heirs they  
say,  
In far Cordoba or Santa Fé—  
"Now, just in a quiet, friendly way,  
Pray let us negotiate."

## "NONE FOR THE BRAVE."

(Military Sketch according to Regulations.)

THE Nominator had exhausted his list.  
He had summoned all and every, and  
scores, nay hundreds, nay thousands, had  
appeared in his catalogue as worthy of a  
medal.

"Yes," said he, "I think we have got  
all we can. We allowed the man who  
had seen the engagement through a tele-  
scope at a distance of fifteen miles?"

"We did, Sir."

"And we made no objection to the man  
who reached the scene of action the next  
day when all the fighting was over. We  
allowed him too?"

"We did, Sir. You decided that the  
unpunctuality of a train should not be  
permitted to rob a warrior of his just  
reward."

"Quite right. Well, now I think we  
can close the office and go home."

"I beg your pardon."

A weather-worn, war-worn veteran  
stood at the door. He had but one leg  
and his left arm was in a sling.

"Well, Sir. What can I do for you?"

"I have come to know if I may have a  
medal, Sir?"

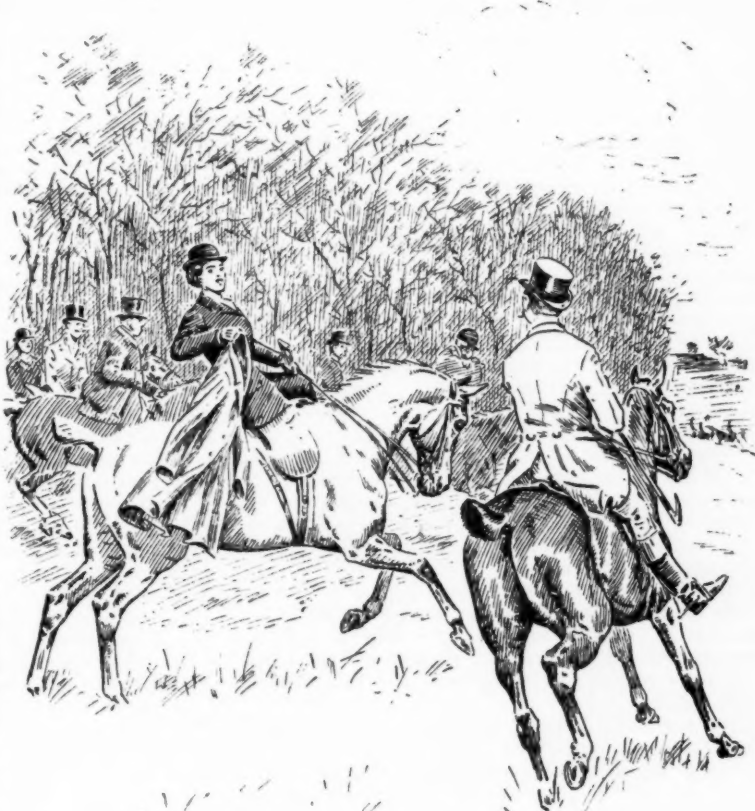
"Have you the qualifications? Were you  
in the neighbourhood of the fight?"

"I was at the front of the battle from  
morning until night—from the sound of  
the first shot to the call for cease firing."

"That sounds all right. I wonder why  
I have not got your name. Pray let me  
shake hands with you."

"I must give you my left hand, Sir,  
which is still a little shaky. My right  
has been amputated."

"You were badly wounded in the  
engagement?"



## A SEVERE TEST.

Miss Sally (who has just taken off her mackintosh—to ardent admirer). "LOOK! THEY'RE AWAY! DO JUST STUFF THIS THING INTO YOUR POCKET. I'M SURE I SHAN'T WANT IT AGAIN!"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But not worse than others. Fortunately it was quite at the end when I got knocked over. Until then I saved a good many poor fellows by carrying them out of action."

"Worthy of the Victoria Cross!"

"Well, scarcely. Certainly other fellows have got it for less, but that doesn't matter. I have come only for a medal."

"And, my brave fellow, you seem to have deserved it. What's your name?"

"BURLEIGH FORBES RUSSELL STEEVENS HENTY WILLIAMS JONES. A good many names, but all of them appropriate."

"Oh, certainly. And now for your regiment?"

The veteran paused for a moment and then the blood in his cheeks deepened in their red. "I have no regiment, Sir. I did my duty as a member of the Press."

"As a member of the Press!" cried the Nominator. "Asking for a medal as a member of the Press! Too absurd! Why we don't give medals to members of the Press."

"It's a crying shame that you don't!"

But the Nominator, being accustomed to the eloquence of Fleet Street, merely nodded. Then he looked cheerfully towards his visitor and observed, "Next, please! May I trouble you, as you leave, to close the door."

The Veteran courteously obeyed, and the Press were shut out. But not shut up.

OPINION OF ONE WHO HAS TASTED IT.—  
"Bock" is pleasant; "Jam" is sweet; but the Boer compound of the two is painfully unpleasant.

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

## X.—THE HENRY JAMES SECTION.

(Continued from October.)

17TH.—I'd scarce done asking myself whether I'd formulated my enquiry into the identity of this SANSJAMBES, who was to marry VIVIEN CHEVELEY, with an air of sufficient detachment, or, in default of this, had so clearly underlined the suggestion of indifference by my manner of manipulating my cigarette as to assure myself against the possible suspicion, easily avoidable, I had hoped, of a too immediately concerned curiosity, when "Ah! the fellow without legs!" replied MALLABY, with, as it, perhaps unwarrantably, seemed to me, a levity so flippanant that it might have appalled a controversialist less seasoned by practice than I'd the permissible satisfaction of crediting myself with the reputation of being.

"But you have not then lost it?" I threw off, on a note of implicit irony.

"Lost what?" he asked.

"Your old facility, of course, in *jeux d'esprit*," I explained.

"On the contrary," he replied, "my translation of SANSJAMBES is not more literal than the facts themselves!"

18TH.—His answer was so quite what I had not foreseen, that I was surprised, as by a sudden reflex jerk of the muscles, into an unwonted lucidity of diction.

"How did he lose them?" I asked.

"He didn't; he never had any to lose!" MALLABY, with unnecessary brutality, replied. "An early ancestor lost his under the walls of Acre. Pre-natal influences affected his first-born, and ever since then the family has had no legs in the direct line."

"But the title?"—I was still too altogether the sport of surrexcitation nicely to weigh my words.

"The gallant ancestor's own choice—prior, naturally, to the birth of his heir—to perpetuate the deed of prowess that won it. And his descendants take it on as a matter of pride."

19TH.—By this I'd sufficiently recovered my habitual *aplomb* to be in a position, while reserving my perfected conclusions for a less disturbing occasion, to collate, as I sipped my drink, a few notes on the comparative periods of sustained effervescence in the cases, respectively, of Seltzer and Salutaris.

"And the cause you assign to this projected marriage?" I then, less with a desire for enlightenment, asked, than, my own judgment being made up to the point of finality, to seem to flatter him by an appeal to his.

"Oh, there's money, of course," he answered. "But that isn't all. It's the old tale—Eve, apple, curiosity, with a touch of the brute thrown in!"

20TH.—You could have knocked me down, in the vulgar phrase, with a feather. Here was GUY MALLABY, immeasurably my unequal in fineness of spirit, laying his fat finger plumb on the open offence, while I was still complacently nosing it on a false scent of Womanly Pity. True, he had enjoyed a three-months start of me in the running down of a mystery that doubled too distractingly on its traces for that instinctive *flair* to which I hitherto had urged a predominant claim; or was it the cook-wife that had piqued, through the stomach's Sacred Fount, his intellectual appetite? Graciously to admit him my superior on the strength of a forestalled judgment was the last of a quite surprising number of alternatives that just then occurred to me. "I'm going to look in on Lady JANE," I made evasion. "She'll, if she's honest, endorse my conjecture; she's a woman!" he, without hesitation, observed.

21ST, 22ND.—More interestingly stimulated than I could, at the moment, remember to have been by any previous visit to the Prytaneum, I made my way westward down the Mall of St. James's Park, taking the broad boulevard on the left. In

the particular atmosphere of exaltation by which I perceived myself to be environed, it was easy to image these widowed avenues in their midsummer fullness, to revive their inarticulate romance, to restore, in the grand style, the pomp of their verdurous pageantry. Oh, there was quite enough of analogy to reclothe a whole Arden of *As you like it*! It was really portentous on what a vista of alluring speculations I'd all but originally stumbled; virgin forest, in fact, before the temerity of just one pioneer, and that a woman, had stripped it this very summer so pitilessly bare. With how fine an abstraction from the moralities I'd, in the way of pure analysis, have probed its fungus-roots, have dissected its saffron-bellied toads, have sampled its ambiguous spices. And to have utilised a legless abortion for the genius of its lush undergrowths!

23RD, 24TH.—But I soon became aware of an appreciable recoil from the first poignancy of self-reproach at being anticipated by the author of *Sir Richard Calmady*, when, upon a more meticulous reflection—for, by this time, I'd arrived opposite the footpath leading over the bridge that commands the lake and its collection, recognisably unique, of water-fowl—I'd convinced myself how little of consonance was to be found between this theme and the general trend of my predilections. About the loves of a so ineffable prodigy—and to differentiate them as lawful or lawless didn't, for me, modify the fact of their uniform repulsiveness—I detected a quality something too preposterously flagrant, an element *un peu trop criant* of pungent indelicacy. It needed only this flash of recognition at once to disabuse me of all regret for having been forestalled in the treatment of a subject of which the narrow scope it offered for the play of hypersensitized subtlety remained the incurably fatal defect.

25TH.—So immediate, indeed, and so absolute was my mental recovery that I had scarce cleared the façade of Buckingham Palace and addressed myself to what I have, from time to time, regarded as the almost contemptibly easy ascent of Constitution Hill, before I had in mind to rush to the opposite extreme, totally, in fact, to disregard the relation of legs to the question at issue. I won't, I said, allow the hereditary absence of this feature from the Count's *ensemble* to prejudice, one way or another, the solution, which I hope ultimately to achieve, of the original problem, namely, should I, or shouldn't I, offer my congratulations to VIVIEN CHEVELEY; and that second problem, subordinately associated with the first, namely, what form, if any, should those congratulations assume?

26TH, 27TH.—But I was instantly to perceive the super-precipitancy of my revulsion. It imposed itself, and with a clarity past all possible ignoring, that in this matter of the Count's legs, the introduction of a new element—or, to be accurate, the withdrawal of an old one, so usual as to have been carelessly assumed—was bound, whatever dissimulation was attempted, to command notice. The gentleman's lower limbs were, to an undeniably overwhelming degree, conspicuous, as the phrase runs, by their absence. A fresh condition, as unique as it was unforeseen, had, with a disturbing vitality, invaded what had given promise, in the now remote outset, of being an argument on merely abstract and impersonal lines. For, even if one postulated in the bride the delicatest of motives, a passion, let us assume, to repair a defect of Nature, as much as to say, figuratively, "You that are blind shall see through my eyes," or, more literally, "You, having no legs to speak of, are to find in me a vicarious locomotion," even so a sensitive creature might vince at the suspicion that the language of congratulation was but a stammering tribute to the quality, in her, of inscrutable heroism. And there was still an equal apprehension to deplore, should it appear that it was to an artistic faculty, on the lady's part, capable, imaginatively, of reconstructing from the fragmentary outlines of his descendant, the originally unimpaired completeness of the gallant ancestor—much as the old moon shows dimly perfect in the hollow of the young crescent—that the Count owed his acceptability in her eyes.

28TH.—"There it is!" I said, and at the same moment

inadvertently grasped the extended hand of a constable at the corner of Hamilton Place; "there's no escaping from the obsession of this inexorable fact. It colours the whole abstract problem only a little less irritatingly than, I can well believe, it has coloured the poor Count's existence." And I'd scarce so much as begun to exhaust the possible bearings of the case in their absorbing relation to simply me, as distinct from the parties more deeply committed and so, presumably, exposed to the impact of yet other considerations.

29TH.—For, what lent a further complexity to the situation was that, even to suppose me arrived at the conclusion, effectively supported, that her motive for this so painfully truncated alliance was commendable, it still left her the liberty, accentuated by the conditions at which I have glanced, to misinterpret mine in congratulating her upon it. And if, on the other hand, her engagement were attributable to unworthy or frivolous causes, wouldn't the consciousness of this, on her side, give even stronger countenance to a suspicion of mere impertinence on mine?

30TH.—That her motive indeed had been no better than one of curiosity—mother EVE'S, in fact, for exploring the apple-tree—was the contention of MALLABY, and by him expressed with so resolved an assurance that it had, as I only now remembered, won me over, at the time, by its convincing probability. Hadn't his confidence even gone the length of claiming Lady JANE as of the same camp? And this recalled for me, what I had temporarily ignored in the so conflicting rush of ideas, the primary objective of my present excursion. I'd overlooked the bifurcation of ways where the traverse to South Audley Street leads in the direction of Lady JANE'S house; and now was poised irresolutely before crossing at the convergence of Upper Brook Street and Park Lane.

31ST.—But after all, I asked myself, was a woman's final word really just the thing I stood in dearest need of in so nice a hesitancy? If I was conscious of a certain strain in seeking to confine this incident of freakish abbreviation to its properly obscure place in the picture, would not she, with all her sex's reluctance to attack any question from an abstract standpoint, experience an insuperable difficulty in assigning to the Count's deficiency its relative "value"? And mightn't I, in a moment of unguarded gallantry, of simulated deference, let me put it, to her assumption of a larger knowledge of women, or, say, simply a more profound intimacy with the particular woman, be carried away, against what I foresaw, even at this incipient stage of my reflections, would, in the event, turn out to be my better judgment, on a veritable whirl of grossly material considerations? At



Officer (to Irish sentry on guard tent). "WHY DON'T YOU FACE YOUR PROPER FRONT, SENTRY?"

Sentry. "SURE, YER HONOUR, THE TINT'S ROUND. DIVIL A FRONT IT'S GOT!"

worst, after all, there's still, I said, the last resort of an answer in the third person, declining the wedding invitation on a plea, strictly untrue, of an earlier engagement. Meantime, while so many hitherto unregarded aspects of the matter called on my intelligence for their dues, the fabric of my problem was, I told myself, of a delicacy too exquisite for—

[Left reflecting on curbstone.  
O. S.]

VIDE "TIMES," OCTOBER 28. — "CIVIS BRITANNICUS," in his remarks on Mr. THOMAS G. BOWLES' suggestions as to the

KING'S presence at a Cabinet Council, observed, "Execution is for the Crown." So CROMWELL thought; and so, consequently, CHARLES THE FIRST was brought to the block.

#### THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

Lady Customer (to grocer). I see, Mr. PHIGGS, that you have charged me with English Cheddar, and what you sent was undoubtedly Canadian.

Mr. Phiggs. Well, Ma'am, it was such a beautiful imitation that I was deceived by it myself. I cannot say more.

Lady Customer. No. But you will take less.



## THE CURSE OF EDUCATION.

SCENE—A Scotch Moor.

TIME.—During the Recess recently interrupted by a Cabinet.

Chorus of Ministers.

WHEN, at length, our toils are ended,  
 Passing sweet to lie extended,  
 With a glass of "finest blended,"  
 'Mid our bulging bags of grouse;  
 Passing sweet in halcyon weather,  
 Thus to lie and lunch together  
 Here amid the purple heather,  
 All oblivious of the House.

Passing sweet, too, this reflection,  
 Adding zest to our refection,  
 As we con the recollection

Of our midnight labours past:  
 By our prudent legislation,  
 We have saved the English nation  
 From the curse of education—  
 She is safe and sound at last.

Enter Chorus of Bairns.

Wee bit bairns frae schule are we—  
 Good little bairns as bairns can be;  
 Learnin' the rudiments o' A B C—  
 Wee bittie bairns frae schule.

First Min. They sing, no doubt, expressing  
 jubilation

To us who have effected their salvation  
 And saved them from the curse of  
 education.

Chorus of Bairns.

We are wantin' fine tae ken  
 Buiks an' a' thae things, for then,  
 Teacher says, we'll be guid men—  
 Wee bittie bairns frae schule.

First Min. What! you like school where  
 you are caned and shaken?

Dear children, you are woefully mistaken!  
 We are your friends, and mean to fill  
 your cup

Of happiness by shutting schoolrooms up.

In good Queen BESS's golden days  
 No School Boards did their standards  
 raise.

The girls were merry maidens then,  
 And did not ape the ways of men;  
 They did not trip to short-hand schools,  
 And type all day on office stools;  
 They were not taught at school to dance,  
 Nor mispronounce the tongue of France.  
 They learnt to sew and scrub the floor,  
 And if they learn these things once  
 more,

So bright will shine Great Britain's rays  
 As in Queen BESS's glorious days.

The boys were not all anxious then  
 To wield a junior-clerky pen;  
 They did not all to London come  
 To live in crowded court and slum;  
 They did not starve on buns and teas  
 At inexpensive A. B. C.'s;  
 They were not half of them *de trop*,  
 And all too old at forty—No!

They learnt to plough and saw and plane,  
 And if they learn these things again,  
 So bright will shine Great Britain's rays  
 As in Queen BESS's glorious days.

Enter Chorus of Scotch Professors.

False Ministers, hold!

We have heard what you say,

And the views you unfold

Make our hair turn to grey;

But we have a word for the children

Whom you would send empty away.

You would make us all ignorant, all,

As an ox that is kept in a stall,

But, thanks to CARNEGIE, your policy  
 plaguy

Is destined to come by a fall.

He's given us plenty of gold,

And so you will find yourselves sold,

For, in spite of your preaching, we'll  
 still go on teaching

Whatever there is to be told.

And unless you see fit to take heed

Of England's more clamorous need,  
 All Cabinet work 'll be kept in a circle

That hails from the North of the Tweed.

First Min. Pooh! brats like those in ragged  
 clothes?

A fig for your suggestion!

To think of these as sworn P.C.'s

Is quite beyond the question.

But let that be. This thought had we—

To save the British nation

From those pitfalls which HAROLD calls

The curse of education.

But since the sum is not to come

From us, why, spend your dollars

As suits your taste; yes, even waste

Them all upon your scholars!

[Exeunt Ministers.]

First Prof. We will! And you may go  
 your ways,

Ye wicked old detractors!

Come, bairns, and join the song of praise

That unto thee we gladly raise,

O Prince of benefactors!

Long live the man whose noble plan

Has saved us from the chance

Of those pitfalls which Wisdom calls

The curse of ignorance.

## AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE—The Library at Hatfield. Discovered, Lord SALISBURY. To him enter A. W., exactly in the manner of W. A. in the "Pall Mall Magazine."

A. W. Good morning, my Lord. I hope I don't disturb you.

Lord S. Not at all. I was only having my usual doze after breakfast. But I always wake up about this time. What have you come for?

A. W. Oh, only for a little chat about things in general.

Lord S. That's very nice, I'm sure. I shall be delighted to hear anything you have to say.

A. W. It's the other way about. If you don't mind speaking, I'll listen.

Lord S. Oh, that's it, is it? What am I to speak about?

A. W. (eagerly). Well, my Lord, if you could give me your ideas on the situation?

Lord S. The situation of this house? As you see, it is not unpleasant. It would not become me to praise it in remarks intended for publication. In speeches it is usual for the speaker to refer to his "humble abode."

A. W. Oh, my Lord, you could hardly do that! When I said the situation, I meant public affairs.

Lord S. Taverns, and licences, and teetotalism, and such things? I really don't know much about them. A friend of mine, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—you may have heard of him—might give you some information. I believe there is a large establishment of the kind on some land of mine in London.

A. W. Yes, the Hotel Cecil. Talking of that, there was a very disrespectful application of that name to the Cabinet.

Lord S. Was there? What cabinet?

A. W. Your Cabinet, my Lord. But I really couldn't repeat it. As for the Cabinet—

Lord S. If you're interested in furniture, I've got some rather nice old cabinets in this house. The butler would show them to you.

A. W. You're very kind. But, as I was saying, as for the Cabinet and that idea of BOWLES—

Lord S. Ah, now you come to playing at bowls, I must confess I never cared for it. A nephew of mine, ARTHUR BALFOUR—you may have heard of him—is rather keen on games, and might give you some information. If I ever went to see a game I should fall asleep directly. The only thing that keeps me awake is a Brass-band Competition, or, perhaps, a Military Tournament.

A. W. As you mention military affairs, what do you think about BULL—?

Lord S. Talking about a bull, did you see the account of the one at Chelmsford which ran upstairs to the first floor of a house and tried to play on the piano?

A. W. (with concealed impatience). I did. But, as I was saying, what do you think about military matters? Have you studied those very complicated questions of War Office administration, and appointments to the commands of the three Army Corps? Do you still advocate rifle clubs? Have you thought out all these problems at Beaulieu? (A pause.) Why, I believe he's asleep.

Lord S. (opening his eyes). Beaulieu, did you say? Yes, it is a nice place. So quiet. Excuse me, what were you saying? I thought I was in the House of Lords, and you were making a speech.

A. W. Do you still advocate rifle clubs?



Lord S. I? I don't know anything about rifles. As for clubs, I sometimes go and have a little doze at the Carlton. It's so quiet.

A. W. Then, after rifle clubs, you were interested in the British Constitution.

Lord S. Ah yes. On an average it's a very good one. Of course there are invalids in all countries, but the people of these islands have a good constitution as a rule. Look how they stand extremes of climate in the colonies.

A. W. Talking of health, are you a conscientious objector yourself, and is Mr. BALFOUR one?

Lord S. Dear me, no! I never object to anything. Nor does ARTHUR. Much too much trouble.

A. W. And talking of colonies, it takes a long time to settle the fighting in South Africa. When do you think it will be finished? Probably you have abandoned the theory that it is already over. No doubt it is difficult to conquer what the Times, in the leading articles, always calls "guerrillas." One might mistake it for "gorillas." Of course the Times means "guerrilleros," only it doesn't know any Spanish. (A pause.) Dash it, he's asleep again!

Lord S. (opening his eyes). Spanish, did you say? You should see my Spanish onions. The finest in the county. The head gardener would show them to you.

A. W. (impatiently). Oh, thank you! But, as regards Spanish affairs, do you still think the same about decaying—?

Lord S. My Spanish onions aren't decaying. They're as strong as possible.

A. W. (growing desperate). I fear I weary you, without gaining much information. I should like to ask one more question. What about China?

Lord S. Well, there are some rather nice pieces in the other rooms. The housekeeper would show them to you.

A. W. No, no! I meant the Chinese Empire. I have read Pekin—

Lord S. Ah, I believe mine are Nankin Blue.

A. W. I fear I must be going.

Lord S. Must you really? So sorry you have to hurry away. I have quite enjoyed our little chat. Don't forget to see the pigs at the Home Farm as you go out. They're splendid. The finest in the county. Goodbye!

[Exit A. W.  
H. D. B.]

# DECLINING FORTUNES.

WHEN first to SWISH's we were sent,  
Mere babes that scarce could stammer,  
Our infant minds were ever bent  
On Greek and Latin grammar;  
And since that exercise in tense,  
Life, with its pains and racks, is  
One chapter long of accidence  
With lots of sin and taxes.



Miss Young (to Brown, who has just returned from his holidays). "BUT DID YOU NOT FEEL LONELY DOWN AT DESERT FARM?"

Brown. "OH NO. IT IS A CHARMING PLACE. BESIDES, I DID NOT GET UP BEFORE LUNCH. AND I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY IN TOWN!"

Then ho, hz, to was all the go,  
And though, when we had conned it,  
We passed to other things, I know  
Some never got beyond it.  
What boots it that my classic quill  
Pens essays bright and shining?  
I find the editors are still  
The articles declining.  
If publishers I ask to con  
The pick of my productions,  
Their answers read like THOMSON on  
The negative constructions.

Mere Jacks-in-office—well I know  
The vanity that eats them—  
Who lightly give a verdict, though  
To parse a sentence beats them.  
When all is wrong and credit low,  
And dismal is existence,  
Then to my maiden aunt I go  
And beg for some assistance;  
And when she hears my piteous cry,  
Although, of course, she needn't,  
This relative's attracted by  
Its gentle Aunty-cedent.



Conductor (on "Elephant and Castle" route). "FARES, PLEASE!"  
Fare. "TWO ELEPHANTS!"

### LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

NO. IV.—HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER.

(Concluded.)

IN many most alluring things  
At which a mild man wince  
He shone, this intimate of kings,  
This bosom-friend of princes.  
In fact, of those who played with Fate,  
And boldly sought to boss it e'er,  
No man was ever half so great  
As HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER.  
He owned a private troupe of Peers,  
And many a trick he taught them;  
He always thought in hemispheres,  
And very often bought them.  
He took a massive size in hats,  
His head was so Titanic;  
He drank his beer and wine from vats;  
His feasts were Aldermanic.  
He travelled fast in special trains  
Wherever he was able;

While other men wore Albert chains,  
He much preferred a cable.  
Time had a value in his eyes,  
And so its course he reckon'd  
By watches of a soup-plate size  
That struck each separate second.  
Some simple thing like "dash" or  
"zounds"

He said—he found it noted:  
He would have paid a million pounds  
To be less widely quoted.  
If ever he should chance to chaff,  
Or if his looks seemed solemn,  
In paragraph on paragraph  
And column after column  
He found it down as "Painful News,"  
Or "Smiles that may console us,"  
Or thus—"The Banner interviews  
The Owner of Pactolus."  
His team of minor poets hymned  
His praise in rather puny verse:  
If anything, their efforts dimmed  
A man who ran the universe.

If asked to read their stuff himself,  
He muttered fiercely, "Stow it!"  
As great men do, he paid the pelf,  
But much despised the poet.  
Though other folk he far surpassed,  
He did not ask to do so:  
He had no wish to grow so vast;  
He simply went and grew so.  
He never knew a single need;  
Some men whose day is over  
Must go to grass or run to seed:—  
He always lived in clover.  
At last, while all men owned him great,  
His very greatness bored him;  
Of fame and wealth this overweight  
No pleasure could afford him.  
"My millions I must spend," said he;  
"No more I'll try to pile 'em."  
He went and built a gallery,  
And founded an asylum.  
He made a little private war,  
And very ill he made it;  
His army was a large one, for  
He punctually paid it.  
He advertised himself as one  
Who answered begging letters;  
He gave a cheque to every dun  
Who troubled needy debtors.  
He took a trip to Monaco,  
And, though he had no mascot,  
He couldn't waste enough, and so  
He tried his luck at Ascot.  
And yet he failed to tire his star,  
Although the man was clever,  
And, as I write, is richer far  
And wretcheder than ever.

R. C. L.

### MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"Military Pantechnicon, with Contents."  
One of the regulation furniture-removing  
vans which used to form part of a  
British mobile column. It will be observed  
that this indispensable regimental adjunct  
contains every requisite necessary to the  
success of a flying expedition from a social  
and sporting point of view. It weighs  
barely forty tons, and was a marvel of  
departmental forethought. Every taste  
was catered for. We may note a couple  
of billiard tables (one English and the  
other foreign, for prisoners' amusement),  
a water-roller for cricket pitches, a steam  
roundabout, and boat-swings for juvenile  
and female enemies, an orchestration for  
"sing-songs," a complete set of the  
*Encyclopædia Britannica*, and all the back  
files of the *Times* for the studious, a  
SMITH'S bookstall for the more frivolous,  
a Christmas-tree for children "on the  
strength," and a number of sets of a game  
known as "ping-pong," which seemingly  
enjoyed great popularity about this time.  
The whole appears to have been drawn by  
a couple of traction-engines, and to have  
contributed not a little to the entertain-  
ment of all parties. This exhibit was  
recaptured from a Boer laager five miles  
from Cape Town.



## THE GUILDHALL BANQUET; OR, THE SPEECH REHEARSED.

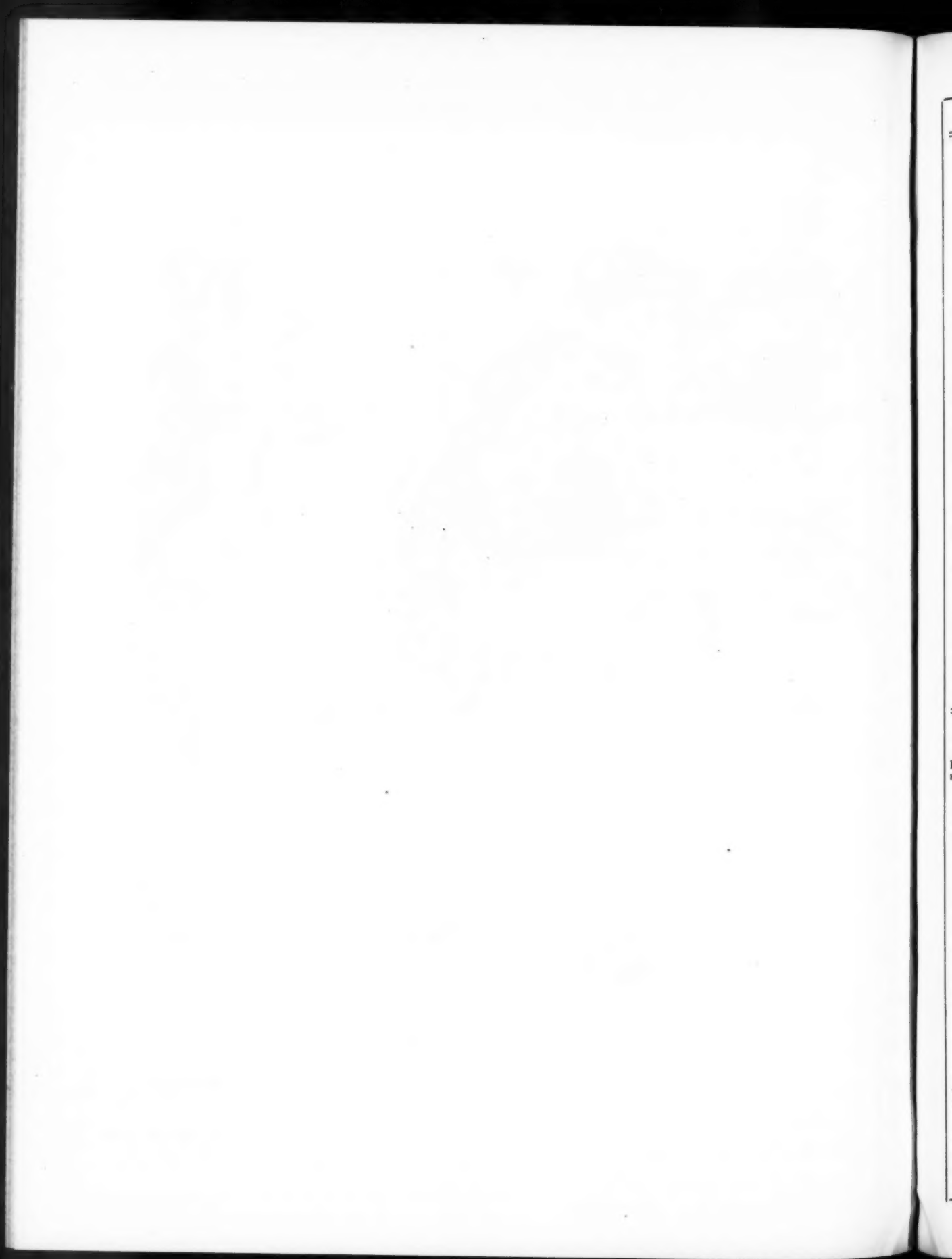
Lord Burleigh . . LORD S-I-SB-RV. Sneer . . SIR H. C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RMAN. Puff . . MR. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N.

(Lord Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exit.)

SNEER. "NOW, PRAY WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?"

PUFF. "WHY, BY THAT SHAKE OF THE HEAD HE GAVE YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT EVEN THOUGH THEY HAD MORE JUSTICE IN THEIR CAUSE AND WISDOM IN THEIR MEASURES, YET, IF THERE WAS NOT A GREATER SPIRIT SHOWN ON THE PART OF THE PEOPLE, THE COUNTRY WOULD AT LAST FALL A SACRIFICE TO THE HOSTILE AMBITION OF THEIR ENEMIES."—*The Critic*, Act III., Scene 1.







## INCREASED ACTIVITY OF THE POLICE.

*A Possibility of the very near future.*

P.C. X. (of the A. or Aerial Division.) "NOW THEN, THIRTY MILES AN HOUR WON'T DO UP HERE! I'VE TIMED YOU WITH MY ANEROID BAROMETRICAL CHECK CLOCK, AND YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN TO THE STATION!"

## PARTURIUNT MONTES.

[The Playgoers have at last selected the play which Mr. ALEXANDER is to produce according to agreement. According to the President, it makes some small approach to human nature.]

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed desks of Grub Street bear:  
Full many a play is typed to blush unseen,  
And waste its Attic wit on garret air.

Beneath obscurity's dark bushel set  
What shining lights may burn to little good!  
What mute inglorious SHAKSPEARE here may fret,  
What BYRON guiltless of his *Manfred's* blood!

But to their names unknown the jealous stage  
Her closely-guarded door declines to ope;  
Chill managers repress their noble rage,  
And ruthlessly forbid them e'en to hope.

PINERO, JONES and GRUNDY, who are they  
That theirs is fame fast-founded as a rock?  
Has Thespis made them his high priests to-day,  
And whispered all the secrets of the sock?

Is there none other left that might retrieve  
The great traditions of our greatest art?  
No SHAKSPEARE, JONSON, MASSINGER, CONGREVE,  
In nameless greatness eating out his heart?

PINERO, JONES and GRUNDY, ye shall see  
That there are other dramatists than you,  
And ye shall yield, monopolising Three,  
The greater place to greater genius due.

Your vested interest, and that alone,  
The course of merit shall no longer mar,

And youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,  
Shall dare to dawn as a dramatic star.

*Envoy.*

With labour infinite our task is done:  
The great unacted have produced a play  
Which may be safely guaranteed to run  
Unbroken through a trial *matinée*.

[ADVT.]

**LOST. AN APPETITE.** It was in a normally healthy condition up to the night of Monday last, when, after a late supper it suddenly disappeared, and did not return during the day following. It is a fairly big specimen of its class, and regular in its habits, but, if away from home and not properly treated at stated times, it is apt to become fierce and ravenous. When in this condition it is dangerous to itself, being of suicidal tendencies, as well as to those who may attempt to satisfy its excessive demands. Anyone finding it is entreated to restore it with all possible despatch to its owner, by whom he will be handsomely rewarded. Failing of success in recovering the aforesaid lost appetite (a very good one, and of no possible use to any one except its owner), whoever will provide the present advertiser with a thoroughly fresh, healthy, and first-rate appetite, or with that variety known as a "really splendid appetite," serviceable for all occasions, and ready for active service whenever called upon, without the present advertiser having to walk, or ride, long distances in search of it, will receive a *carte blanche* invitation for one year to all the dinners given by "GOURMET." Address, "Stuffard Hall, Monmouth."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



*Renaissance Types*, by W. S. LILLY (T. FISHER UNWIN), has given us a most interesting work, written in a thoroughly judicial spirit. Each character is summed up with perfect impartiality. Of the five "types," the one that above all others must appeal to everyone, no matter what may be his nationality or his religion, is Sir THOMAS MORE, the touching story of whose simple faith and loyalty is here admirably given as a plain unvarnished tale which none can read unmoved. The calm, unostentatious way in which Mr. LILLY occasionally turns aside to give Mr. FROUDE a severe rap over the knuckles and sometimes "one for his nob"—well deserved in every instance—serves as a light diversion to the reader from the more serious matter in hand. His MICHAEL ANGELO is picturesque without sacrificing truth to effect; "while Mr. LILLY on LUTHER reminds me," quoth the Baron, "of that 'honest chronicler,' GRIFFITH, pronouncing his epitaph on Cardinal WOLSEY."

*Cavalier and Puritan* (SMITH ELDER) presents an interesting page of history compiled from the private papers and diary of Sir RICHARD NEWDIGATE. It is supplemented by extracts from MS. news-letters addressed to him from London between the years 1675 and 1689. There is nothing new under the sun, not even the ubiquitous London Correspondent. My Baronite finds the progenitor of the artist of to-day sitting down in his favourite coffee-house, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, inditing his weekly or fortnightly letter. These were not published in the provincial press for the reason that, like the Spanish Fleet on a critical occasion, "it was not yet in sight." The subscribers were country gentlemen desirous of being kept informed how the world wagged in the great Metropolis, and ready to pay for the luxury at the rate of 25s. a quarter. The extracts made by Lady NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE are profoundly interesting, by simplest touches lifting the veil from social life in England when CHARLES THE SECOND was king. Drinking, duelling, varied by the diversion of assassination, were the principal occupations of the gentlemen of England. Here is a specimen of the news of the day and of the severely unadorned style of the London Correspondent in 1675:—"A gentleman this evening was brought by a coach to the Castle Tavern door, in Fleet Street, who, going into the house before he had satisfied the coachman, he called on the gentleman for his money, who, instead thereof, killed him, and is committed to prison." The nominatives are a little mixed. But the "instead thereof" rivals the famous "instead of which, you go about the country stealing ducks" of the English judge. The fascinating volume is enriched by an engraving of a portrait of Sir RICHARD, painted by Sir PETER LELY. From a letter cited, it appears that Sir PETER's price for such work was £40. But then "beefe is now at the dearest; one with another it is three pence halfpenny a pound."

Who among the Baron's friends will not be grateful to him for telling them where they will be certain to enjoy a hearty laugh? So not to keep them in suspense, the Baron hastens to assure them that they cannot do better than become the happy possessors of *Light Freights*, by W. W. JACOBS (METHUEN & Co.), which is a "jolly companion volume" to the same amusing author's inimitable *Many Cargoes*. No one equals, much less surpasses, Mr. JACOBS in this line of business, which he has made peculiarly his own. If the Baron has previously come across some of them, he is only too delighted to renew their acquaintance in such excellent company. It is one of the most laughter-moving books the Baron has come across since he read the same author's *Sea Urchins* and afore-mentioned *Many Cargoes*. The only grim intruder into this merry company is "Jerry Bundler," a story that might have been omitted with advantage.

For a well-told and exciting story, which can be picked up and read within the limits of a wet day, or on the night of a fine one, *A Social Pretender*, by WINIFRED GRAHAM (JOHN LONG), can be recommended by my Junioresst Baronitess. The interest is, on the whole, well sustained, in spite of the story being rather spun out.

*Mexico as I Saw It* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is the title of the record of Mrs. ALDO TWEEDIE's latest jaunt. She "saw it" under exceedingly favourable circumstances. Armed with an introduction to the President, she was welcomed with more than Mexican warmth. Not content with offering the hospitality of the Presidential residence, the President communicated with the authorities on the traveller's route up country, with the result that she was received with almost regal honours. Naturally, she has a high opinion of the President, whom she hails as "the greatest man of the nineteenth century." A born traveller, ready, when occasion compelled, to put up with hardships and short commons, Mrs. TWEEDIE took cheerfully to the private cars provided for her on the railways, to the semi-official banquets, and to life in palaces. She travelled all over Mexico, as usual with her eyes wide open. Her pictures of home life and street life are made more vivid by a collection of admirable photographs taken on the spot. Travellers who may not have Mrs. TWEEDIE's exceptional advantages will be comforted to learn that the best written chapter in the book is the second, giving an account of life on a Mexican ranch. That was written on the threshold of the journey, before discovery was made of the supremacy of President DIAZ.

*Barbara West*, by KEIGHLEY SNOWDON (JOHN LONG), would be a pathetic story were not the heroine, *Barbara*, a poor creature obviously responsible for her own misfortunes. Her redeeming quality is her generous disposition. My Junioresst Baronitess can see neither point nor moral in this novel, which, after all, is of a rather commonplace character.

An Occasional Critic in the employment of the Baron asks permission to say that he has read *The Glowworm*, by MAY BATEMAN (WILLIAM HEINEMANN), with a great deal of pleasure. Here and there a little mystical and not quite so luminous as its title would suggest. But on the whole, a clever, well-written story. The Occasional Critic humbly adds his meed of praise. Miss MAY BATEMAN will do better work in the future. For the moment, however, her present is open to some criticism—but not much.

Not a few burlesque imitations of GEORGE MEREDITH, the Great Involvolist's peculiar style, have from time to time appeared,—and to note this fact is to pay an unmistakable tribute to the ever-increasing popularity of this masterful novelist,—but the Baron can only recall a passage in one of them so perfect as is Mr. R. C. LEHMANN's brief and most absurdly nonsensical "per-version," entitled *Lord Ormont's Mate*, which, with *The Adventures of Picklock Holes* (from *Punch*) and *The Pink Hippopotamus*, now appears in one volume, published by Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co. The book is humorously illustrated by the much daring E. T. REED, and the carefully comic E. J. WHEELER.

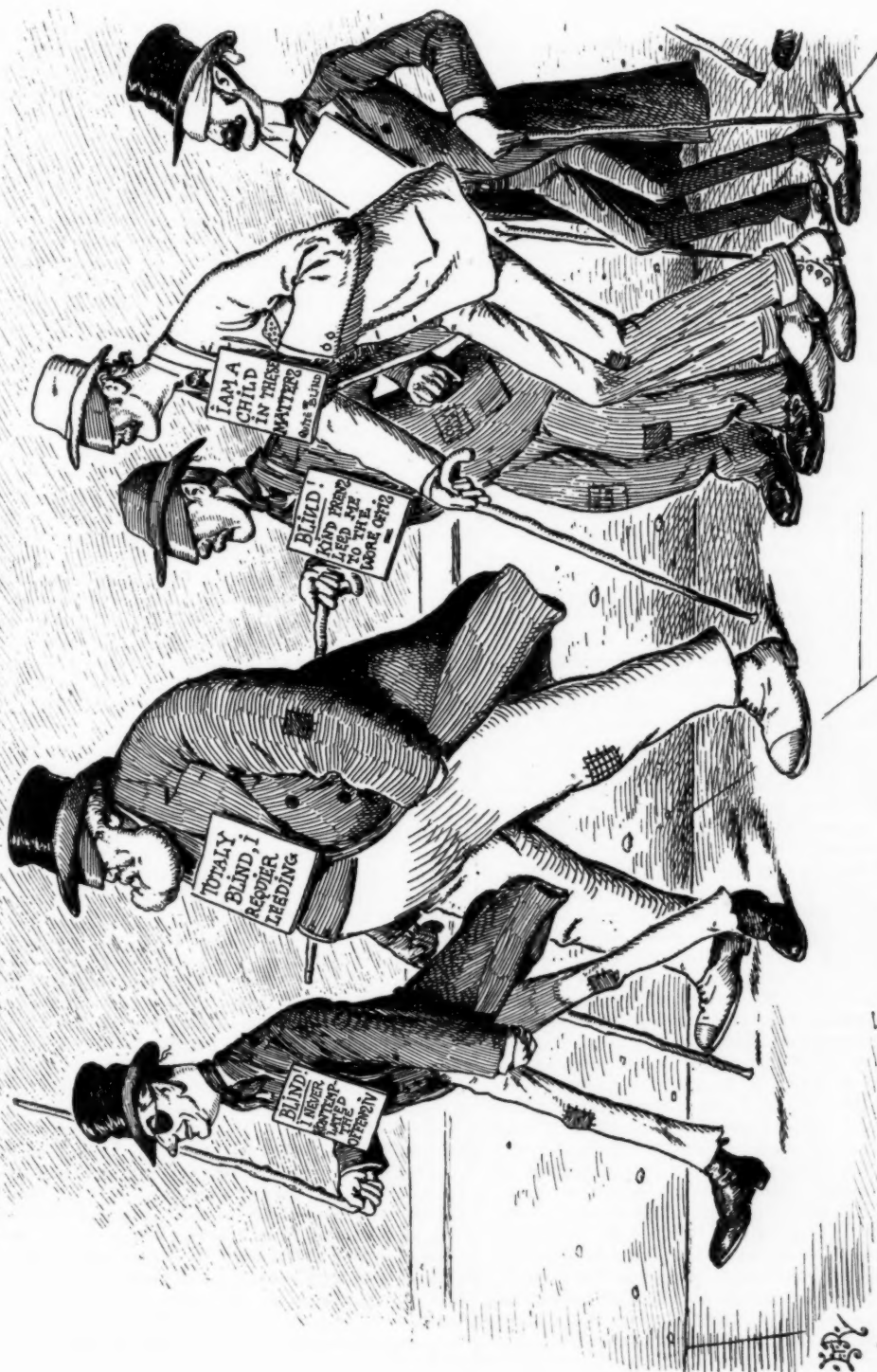
THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—Somestudious little bookworm will be fascinated with *The Reign of King Cole* (J. M. DENT & Co.), edited by J. M. GIBBON; containing as it does "the true annals of Fairyland." To the much-discussed Fiddlers Three is credited the singing or relating of these tales at ye court of the merriest monarch of ancient renown. This erudite collection possesses the charm of finding old friends bound together anew in the happiest style. There are delightful pictures in nearly every page by CHARLES ROBINSON.



QUOTATION WITH OMITTED PUNCTUATION.—"Lest we forget" RUDYARD KIPLING." Not much chance of forgetting Mr. R. K. as long as advertising may be considered as a fine art.





**POLITICALLY BLIND OR (UN)INTELLIGENT (NON)ANTICIPATORS.**

(As seen by Mr. John M. H. and, possibly, by others.)

CH-MB-EL-N.

S.L-SB-RV.

BR-DR-CK.

B-L-F-R.

L-NOD-WNE.

"They drifted along to the edge of the black unfathomable abyss in ignorance of where it was they were drifting to. . . . It is true, the Government say, that whenever our foresight and our knowledge could be tested we have shown blindness, short-sightedness at all events, and ignorance. It follows from this that, whenever we cannot be tested in the future, you are bound to trust us implicitly and without asking questions."—Mr. J. Morley at *Arbroath*.

## THOMPSON ON "TINNED COW."

## II.

MYSELF, though I despise all girls, I never hated one worse than this. The least a girl can be at any time is harmless; but MILLY DUNSTAN was brimful of trickery, and, just because her eyes were accidentally blue, thought she could score off everybody and everything. Not that she ever scored off me. She knew that I barred her altogether, and scorned me in consequence, and called me "Master THOMPSON" to make me waxy, me being only about four months younger than her.

She got his mother's pet name for him out of "Tinned Cow," and called him by it in secret. Not that I ever heard it, or wanted to. And she also gave out that anybody calling him "Tinned Cow" any more would be her enemy; and one or two chaps were feeble enough actually to stop.

MILLY DUNSTAN wrecked his character. Before, he'd been as keen as knives about sport and so on, and there is no doubt that he would have got into the second footer team next term if GREGSON Minor had passed his exam. for the "Britannia." But MILLY DUNSTAN didn't care a straw about footer, though she understood cricket fairly well for a girl; and so "Tinned Cow," like a fool, gave up all hope of getting on at footer, at which he promised to be some use, and went in like mad for cricket, at which he never could be any earthly good whatever. And that made another row, because MILLY promised to walk twice round old DUNSTAN's private garden with STREET, the captain of the third eleven (cricket), if he'd give "Tinned Cow" a trial in an unimportant match; and STREET said, "Right." And they went, during prep., and it happened that the Doctor, coming out of his greenhouse, caught them; and STREET got five hundred lines; which naturally made him in such a bate, thinking it was a trap, that he refused to try "Tinned Cow" for ever.

I'm sure I did all I could, for, though I'd lost any feeling for him since he let this girl sit on him, still I was his chum once. And I tried to save him, and asked him, many a time and oft, why he let his life be spoilt by a skimpy girl. And he said that it was her skimpiness he liked, for she put him in mind of his sister—only his sister was smaller, and, of course, had squashed feet. To see a girl who can walk about seems to be a great treat to the Chinese; so what for they let theirs all squash their feet, Heaven only knows.

"Tinned Cow" confessed to me that MILLY DUNSTAN was pretty sharp, and had been reading up all about China in one of the Doctor's books. In fact, he confessed also that she knew a lot more about China in general than he did. And some things she liked, and some she didn't; and especially the marriage customs she didn't like; and she told "Tinned Cow" that unless he let her father marry them in a proper Christian church, it was off. So he promised: and he also promised, though very reluctantly, not to say a word about it to Doctor DUNSTAN until he got to be head of the Sixth and the School. But he knew that at the rate he was going, he would never get there till he was at least fifty years old. And sons of Mandarins marry very early indeed in their own country—as soon as they like, in fact—so "Tinned Cow" promised reluctantly. Then he took to working and swatting; yet all his swatting only got him into the lower Fourth in three terms. Then, seeing what a lot it meant getting into the Sixth, and what a frightful thing it was, especially for a foreigner, to do it, "Tinned Cow" fell back upon the customs of his country; and his methods of cribbing were certainly fine and new. But they couldn't do everything, and he tried still other Chinese customs in an arithmetic exam. and attempted to bribe old THWAITES with two weeks' pocket money—a pound, in fact—if he would arrange to let him get enough marks to go up a form. Of course, everybody knew old THWAITES had a wife and about ten children at Merivale and, though a Sixteenth Wrangler in olden times, was at present frightfully hard up in secret. But what is a paltry pound to a

Sixteenth Wrangler? Anyway THWAITES raged with great fierceness and took "Tinned Cow" to the Doctor; and as the Doctor hates strategy of this kind, he made it hot for "Tinned Cow" and flogged him pretty badly. I asked if it hurt, being the first time the Doctor had ever flogged him, and he said the only thing that hurt was the horrid feeling that he'd offered too little to THWAITES. He said that in his country, and especially among Mandarins, offering too little was almost as great a crime as offering too much, and that he deserved to be flogged on the feet as well as elsewhere. He said that his father was such a good judge of people that he always offered just the right sum; and he felt certain that in the case of THWAITES not a penny less than ten pounds ought to have been offered. It was the known hard-uppishness of THWAITES that made him think a pound would do; but now, seeing what a little way money seemed to go with a man, he felt about the only chap within reach of being bribed was the drill sergeant; and of course he couldn't help "Tinned Cow" to get into the Sixth. Besides, the drill sergeant had fought in China in his young days, and he had a sort of war-like repugnance against "Tinned Cow" that would have taken at least gold to get over.

So things went on until the arrival of the sweets from China; and they were all right, though "Tinned Cow" told me that she wasn't as keen about them as he expected, or at any rate pretended not to be. The truth is that some of the very swaggiest Chinese sweets take nearly a lifetime thoroughly to like; and by the time that MILLY began to feel the remarkable beauty of this sort, she'd finished them. However, she was fairly just—for her, and didn't throw the beggar over before the taste of the last sweet was out of her mouth, as you might have expected. In fact, she kept friendly for a matter of several weeks; and then she began to get rather sick of his Chinese ways—so she said—and cool off towards him, even though in his despair he promised her idols and fireworks and many things that probably wouldn't have been sent even if he'd written home for them.

But Chinese chaps have quite different ideas to English chaps, owing to their bringing-up, and things we utterly bar and consider caddish, such as sneaking, a Chinese chap will do freely without the least idea he is making a beast of himself. I didn't know this, or else I should never have allowed "Tinned Cow" to be my chum, but at last I discovered the fatal truth; and the worst of it was that he sneaked against a bitter enemy of mine, called FORRESTER, thinking that he was doing a right and proper thing towards me.

This chap FORRESTER I hated for many reasons, but chiefly because he'd beaten me, by about ten marks only, in a Scripture exam. owing to knowing the names of the father and mother of MOSES, which are not generally known. I always had a fixed idea, funnily enough, that MOSES was the son of PHARAOH's daughter; and I said so, and I added, as a shot—for shots often come off, though they are dangerous—that Holy Writ was silent concerning the father of MOSES. And the Doctor hates a shot that misses, frightfully, so I had to write out the whole business of MOSES fifty times, till I was sick of the very name of him; whereas FORRESTER won the prize. Well, this FORRESTER kept sardines in his desk and ate them during Monsieur MICHEL's class. But some, already opened, he forgot for several weeks. And these—being doubtful of them when he found them again—he gave to MILLY DUNSTAN's Persian kitten; and "Tinned Cow" saw him. Well, the kitten showed that FORRESTER was quite right to be doubtful about the sardines by dying. It disappeared from that very hour, and was believed to have gone next door to die, as cats are generally very unwilling to die in their own homes, and always go next door to do so, curious to say. And MILLY was in an awful bate when "Tinned Cow" told her, thinking it would please me; whereas, if anything could have made me get friends with FORRESTER it would have been to know he'd scored off MILLY DUNSTAN. But her rage against

FORRESTER was pretty frightful—especially, she said, because a boy whose strong point was Scripture could have done this thing; and she made "Tinned Cow" tell the Doctor; and such was his piffing weakness where she was concerned, that he did. But old DUNSTAN, who hated cats, said it was a case of circumstantial evidence—whatever that is—and the proofs of the cat's death were too slight, seeing the body couldn't be found, and remembering a cat's power of eating sardines, even when a bit off. Then he turned against "Tinned Cow," and told him that the character of an informer ill became any pupil of DUNSTAN'S, and that to try and undo a fellow-student might be Oriental but was not English, and so on—all in words that you can find in Dictionaries, but nowhere else that I ever heard of.

Which showed the Doctor wasn't so keen about "Tinned Cow" as he used to be, and that was chiefly because "Tinned Cow's" younger brother was not coming to be educated in England after all, as Doctor DUNSTAN had hoped, but was going to Germany instead. E. P.

(To be continued.)

#### THE ARTIST UP TO DATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am not alluding to a Royal Academician, or even to a talented scene painter, such as Mr. FRED STOREY or Mr. BANKS, by the above heading, but to the common or garden limner—the latter is a very fitting term, for reasons which I shall now, with your permission, proceed to show, in the fervent hope that you, Sir, may help me to get hold of an automatic or mechanical layer-on of pigment.

It happened a short time ago that the little house which I occupy with my wife and family required, under my lease, an exterior redecoration. I accordingly summoned to my assistance the firm of Messrs. MAHL AND SONS. Five eminent gentlemen appeared on the following morning at the hour of six. They conversed in the tone of voice which distinguishes the melodrama of commerce, and, in so far as I can judge, without laying myself open to an action for libel, breakfasted off the plums and apples in my orchard.

At 8.30, however, my spouse, a nervous woman with a heart like an indifferent telephone, requested me somewhat imperiously to look into the kitchen and ascertain the reason of certain shouts of laughter, not unaccompanied with the rattling of boots, proceeding from the spot of culinary culture. The guild of five artists, when I entered the kitchen, were engaged, together with the cook, housemaid and nurse, in a dance not unlike that known as an Irish jig. Of course, on my appearance these Terpsichorean revels ceased, and the foreman, a most polite personage, assured me that it was only due to the cold condition of the feet of himself and his worthy associates that

any shuffling of feet had occurred. The smell of hot rashers, the frizzling of eggs and the bubbling of coffee convinced me that this outspoken man was correct in his definition of the atmosphere, which, I am constrained to say, has never changed since that memorable morning, judging by sounds with which I have never ventured to make nearer acquaintance. But it has been impossible for me not to note that the chances of certain race horses (when the artists are wandering about my little pleasure) afford them infinite interest, and I should be lacking in courtesy to the brewer who supplies me with ale if I did

not state that someone other than myself did not appreciate the quality of his malt and hops.

When the probable and possible winners of the races of the day have been discussed and decided, the burst of minstrelsy is unanimous among the festive five, but it is not always harmonious. Two of the limners whistle through their teeth, two others sing selections from the *Emerald Isle*, and the fifth—I think he must be the foreman—has a distant conception of the *Conspirators' Chorus* from *La Fille de Madame Angot*.

I should not complain of the conduct of my pictorial benefactors were it not that they will not go, for the excellent reason that they do not complete their labour. The red-headed foreman has a knack of assembling his four bandit-companions after they lay on a thin coat of evil-smelling material over a shutter, and saying, "Well, boys, how does that look? Give me your opinion." They always do. It means a return to the kitchen and the beer barrel.

You may, perhaps, have remarked that I have no male servant. But since this renovation, the disappearance of my tobacco has been phenomenal. I think that the gentler sex, when in service, is often too generous. Meantime, what am I to do? I can only ask you, Sir, to find the mechanical medium for having a cottage

repainted. Will you think this out with Professor EDISON or Sir H. MAXIM? and greatly oblige,

Your distressed Servant, OLIVER KANDEL.

Bunthorpe Cottage,  
East Toad-in-the-Hole, Somersetshire.

NEW LEGAL APPOINTMENTS.—Who are the unfortunate persons whose names are "in the Black Books" of Lincoln's Inn? Let them hasten to secure the good offices of Sir EDWARD CLARKE, who has recently been appointed "Keeper of the Black Books" to this Honourable Society. And, should anyone wish to acquire the graces of deportment when out for a stroll, let him apply for a lesson to Lord MACNAGHTEN, who has been appointed "Master of the Walks."



#### THE BOTTLE-JACK OVERMANTEL—

ATTACHABLE TO READING OR ANY EASY CHAIR; RECOMMENDED TO THOSE WHO ARE WANTING A LUXURIOUS "ALL-ROUND" WARM AT THE FIREPLACE DURING THE COMING WINTER EVENINGS.





"OI BE EIGHTY-FOIVE, ZUR."

"DEAR ME! YOU DON'T LOOK IT. AND HOW OLD IS YOUR WIFE?"

"OH, SHE BE EIGHTY-FOIVE TOO. BUT SHE'VE LOOKED IT FER THE LAST FOWRTY YEAR!"

#### THE WOON' O'T.

[Northern Universities address a distinguished individual.]

WITH all our faculties and arts  
We come, Sir, courting thee;  
Ah! grant the longing of our hearts,  
And our Lord Rector be.  
Our principals are at thy feet—  
Oh! could we only see  
From thine the interest so sweet  
That ours do take in thee!

O man of steel, be wax to-day!  
On thee our hopes are built;

Come, join our company, we pray;

Promote us as thou wilt.

No check that thou canst give will make

Thy wooers draw the line;

Medicine itself will gladly take

A little draught of thine.

Already, Sir, thou art enrolled

Among our LL.D.'s,

And therefore do our hopes grow bold

To win thee by degrees.

The cap is waiting for thy brow,

The robe is ready here—

O peerless in investments thou,

In vestments now appear!

#### A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.

A. and B. meet face to face in St. Martin's Lane.

A. My friend, you look very weary.

B. Yes, I am weary indeed.

A. What is the cause of the deep melancholy that seems to overwhelm you?

B. I have been doing a theatre with a new piece. I am perplexed and fatigued.

A. Ah, then you have seen *The Sentimentalist* at the Duke of York's?

B. I have. It was hard to bear. Very hard indeed when the two heroes—one middle-aged, the other juvenile—told of their early unsatisfactory lives to heroine No. 2.

A. But surely heroine No. 2 was greatly shocked?

B. She could not have been. For according to her own account she had read books—ahem—not usually obtainable at SMITH'S or MUDIE'S.

A. And did not she accept a satyr Duke in revenge?

B. Yes—yes—yes! A sad story. But it was redeemed by the capital murder of the satyr Duke by that most excellent of players, Mr. LEWIS WALLER.

A. You say it was a good murder?

B. A very good one indeed. Something in scratches, with a poisoned dagger thrown in. A most excellent murder. The victim died with a cigar in his mouth in great agony. Most effective.

A. And did not heroine No. 1 confess to weighing thirteen stone?

B. Only in the play. In the prologue she was much slimmer. She looked very young—in the prologue.

A. And Mr. LEWIS WALLER, did he not look also very young—in the prologue?

B. He looked younger in the play. In the play he might have passed for thirty, or even twenty-five. But he did not look so young in the prologue.

A. Would you care to see the play again?

B. Well, no; although it is well written. Stay—I think I would like to see the murder of the Duke again. It was very effective to see him die with a cigar in his mouth in great agony. It was not totally unlike the death of the fellow in *The Cat and the Cherub*. Yes, I would like to see that again. I would like to see the Duke dying in tortures with a cigar in his mouth.

A. But would you—adopting the Chinese suggestion—like to see that sombre incident twice daily for a thousand years?

B. (after mature deliberation). No, I do not think I would. But now I must leave you. After the dismal play I want cheering up.

A. But where will you go to be cheered up?

B. As I must be cheered up gradually, I shall go—in the first instance—to the School of Mines in Jermyn Street.

[Exeunt severally.]